comfited enemy, which resulted in the capture of more guns —bringing up the total to 42 pieces—of more prisoners, amounting to 6000 in all, and of large numbers of vehicles and stores, and in vast destruction of property. And then we set out under General Sherman's command on an expedition to Knoxville, East Tennessee, for the relief of General Burnside, who was hard pressed by General Longstreet's corps*

According to alarming reports, Burnside was in sore need of speedy help. It seemed to be a matter of days how long he would be able to hold out. The distance to be covered in a hurry was 120 miles. We marched in the lightest kind of order —no tents, no wagon trains, the men carrying only their blankets and knapsacks, if they had any, with something to eat in their haversacks, and plenty of ammunition in their cartridge boxes- But they were in fine spirits after the great victory, and bore the fatigue of the forced march with excellent cheer. We usually started about daybreak and went into camp about dark, having in the meantime crossed rivers and creeks with or without bridges, and mountain passes, sometimes over roads hardly worthy of the name. We saw no enemy in our front except some cavalry detachments sent out not to fight, but to observe. Whenever they came within range, a shell or two from our guns made them scamper *off.*

On this march I witnessed a little scene which was characteristic of the "fun " which we higher officers

occasionally indulged in. One frosty morning I noticed a rather decent-looking house by the roadside, from the chimney of which a blue cloud of smoke curled up. In the front yard two orderlies were holding saddled horses. I concluded that there must be general officers inside, and, possibly, something to eat. Seduced by this thought, I "dismounted, and found within, toasting their feet by a crackling wood fire, General Sherman